

 E is a Certain kind of Animall very Difficult to be Characterized in all his Tropes and Figures, however that you may know him, take this following Description. He is a Person whose Brains are too heavy for his Conscience, and yet one is as Adle as a stinking-Egg, and t'other as rotten at Coare as a Peare. He is a meer-state Hocus Pocus, who can Play fast and loose at Pleasure. He will not allow it Lawful to Accept of Baile for Petty crimes, though never so sufficient, yet he can prove it Lawful for Impeachment of High-Treason when the Case lies at his own Door, If you are minded to put him in a Fustian-Fume, only

only talk of it, but he is a meer *Stark-Bottom* Mad.
 You had better be wiser, and desire
 Justice at *London*, than to go to *Windsor* on Foot, one
 Draught of *Port Wine* renders him your Humble Servant,
 he is a meer *Cormorant*, for 'tis thought he hath Devoured ten
 Thousand Guinees at a Breakfast, though a *Parliament* Purga-
 tion will cause him either to Evacuate them or Pay his Head
 for a Reckoning. He is a Person will read in *Politicks*, but
 cannot be perswaded but the best Policy in the World, is, To
 Feather his own Nest first, let the World run how it will
Staffords Head is the best Emblem of Mortality he ever Consul-
 ted, for he seldom thinks of that, but it puts him in mind to Se-
 cure his own. He is a Person very Defective in his Opticks,
 for he cannot discern a Hair Cause from a Foul Cheat, except
 through a Gold Prospective Glass: and then he is as Clear
 Sighted as a *Lex* in Favour of the Person, presents him with it.
 His Coach wheels move as heavy as his Justice, except well
 Greased with *Pocket Duff*, and then *Jehus Chariot* is an
 As for Expedition. A Fat Pigg well stuff'd with *Jaco-*
busses for Sauce, will make him a good Meale, and a hundred of
 Pippins with a Truney in each Pippin, will serve for a good
 Concoction. He is a great Abhorer of Petitioning, yet
 thinks it no scorn to Petition for his own Life. In a Word, He
 is lately much troubled with the *Palsy*, for his very Head shakes
 and Totters on his Shoulders. He is so far from being a
Romanist, that he Mortally hates *The Weekly Pacquet of Advice*
 from Rome, and hath Endeavoured as much as in him lay to
 Suppress it, until his Superiors gave him a Dose to take that
 Qualm off his Stomach. If you find a Person described by these
 Marks, bring him before his Superiors, and Possibly the Case
 may be so far Altered that he may Exchange a Velvet
 Cushion in the Bench for a more convenient Place at the Bar.
 However I rest upon no Person but an *Unjust Judge*, and he
 which is sold him take it to himself.

over that you have seen him in the Description. He is a Person whose Brains are
 too heavy for his Conscience, and yet one is as a
 He is a thinking Egg, and a cold as a frozen Core as a Pear.
 He is a meer State Pawn, who can play fast and loose as
 He will not allow it Lawful to Accept of Bail.
 his own Door. If you are minded to put him in a *English-Furne*,
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